PART II.

Copperight, 1804, by Best Marte. Dawson was not astonished, the next morn ing, to see Major Overstone and the half breed walking together down the gully road. For he had already come to the conclusion that the Major was planning some extraordinary reprisal against the invaders that wonis insure the perpetual security of the camp. That he should use so insignificant and unimportant a tool now appeared to him to be quite natural, particularly as the service was probably one in which the man would be sacrificed. The Major," he suggested to his companions ain't going to risk a white man's skin when

he can get an Injin's hide handy." The reluctant, hesitating step of the half breed as they walked along seemed to give some color to this, hypothesis. He listened sullaniv to the Major as he pointed out the strategic position of the bar. That wagon road is the only approach to Wynyards, and a dezen men along the rocks could hold it against a hundred. The trail that you came by, over the ridge, drops straight into this guily, and you saw what that would mean to any blanked fools who might try it. Of course, we could be shelled from that ridge if the Bheriff had a howitzer, or the men also knew how to work one, but even then we could oceusy the ridge before them." He paused a moment and then added: "I used to be in the army, Tom: I saw service la Mexico before that cub you got away from had his first frousers. I was brought up as a gentleman blank

It all !- and here I am!" The man slouched on by his side, casting his suriy, furtive glances from left to right as if seeking to escape from these confidences. Nevertheless the Major kept on through the guily, until reaching the wagon road they crossed it and began to ascend the opposite slope, half hidden by the underbrush and larches. Here the Major paused again and faced about. The cabins of the settlement were stready behind the bluff; the little stream which indicated the "bar," on which some perfunctory mining was still continged, now and then rang out quite at their feet, although the bar itself had disappeared. The sounds of occupation and labor had at last died out in the distance. They were quite alone. The Major sat The man, however, remained sullenly standly as possible the enforced companionship Either the Major was too self-absorbed to no tion it or accepted it as a satisfactory characteristic of the half-breed race. He continued confidently:

Now look here, Tom! I want to leave this eursed hole and get clear out of the State! Anywhere!-over the Oregon line into British Columbia, or to the coast, where I can get a coasting vessel down to Mexico! It will cost money, but I've got it! It will cost a lot of risks, but I'll take them! I want somebody to help me-some one to share risks with me. and some one to share my tuck if I succeed. Help to put me on the other side of the border line, by sea or land, and I'll give you a thousand dollars down before we start and a thousand dollars when I'm sale."

The half breed had changed his slouching attitude. It seemed more indolent on account of the loosely hanging strap that had once held his haversack, which was still worn in a slovenly fashion over his shoulder, as a kind of lazy sling for his shiftless hand.

Well, Tom, is it a go? You can trust me, for you'll have the thousand in your pocket before you start. I can trust you, for I'll kill you quicker than lightning if you say a word of this to any one before I go or play a single trick on me afterward."

Suddenly the two men were rolling over and over in the underbrush. The half breed had thrown himself upon the Major, bearing him down to the ground. The haversack strap for an instant whirled like the loop of a lasso in the air and descended over the Major's shoulders, pintoning his arms to his side. Then the half breed, tearing open his ragged blouse, atrippedfoff his belt, and as dexterously slipped it over the ankles of the struggling man.

It was all over in a moment. Neither had spoken a word. Only their rapid panting broke the profound silence. Each probably knew that no outery would be overheard.

For the first time the half breed sat down. But there was no trace of triumph or satisfacon in his face, which were the same look o "I want to tell you first," he said, slowly riping his face. "that I didn't kalkilate upon doin' this in this yer kind o' way. I expected more of a stan' up fight from you - more risk in gettin' you out o' that hole and a different kind of a man to tackle. I never expected you to play into my hand like this, and it goes against me to hev to take advantage of it. Who are you?" said the Major, pantingly,

"I'm the new Sheriff of Siskiyou." He drew from beneath his begrimed shirt a napar wranping, from which he gingerly extracted with the ends of his dirty fingers a clean legal-look. ing folded paper. "That's my warrant! I've kept it fresh for you. I recken you don't care same as t'other Sheriff had -what you shot." Then this was a plant of yours and that whelp's escort?" said the Major.

whelp's escort?" said the Major.

"Neither him nor the escort knows any more about it than you," returned the bieriff slowly. I callsted as injin guide or scout ten days ago. I deserted just as reglar and natial like when we passed that ridge yesterday. I could be took to morrow by the sojers, if they rought sight o' me, and court-martialled—it's as reglar as that! But I timed to have per posse, under a deputy, draw you off by an attack, just as the escort reached the ridge. And here I am."

"And you're no half bread?"

"There's nothin' in in about me that water won't want off. I kasklidted you wouldn't aspect anything so insignificant as an injin when I fixed myself up. You see Bawson didn't hanker after me much. But I didn't peckon on your tumbling to me so quick. That's what gets me! You must hev been pretty low down for kempany when you took a man like me inter your confidence. I don't see it yet."

yet."
looked inquiringly at his captive, with He looked inquiringly at his captive, with the same wondering suriness. Nor could be understand another thing which was evident. After the first shock of resistance, the Major had exhibited none of the indignation of a batrayed man, but actually seemed to accept the situation with a calumess that his captur lacked. His voice was quite unemotional as he said:

"And how are you going to get me away from here?"

inexed. His voice was quito unemotional as he said how are you going to get me away from here?"

"That's my look out and needn't trouble you, hair his contagration no tones assemble to the you know are you going to get me away from here?"

"That's my look out and needn't trouble you, hair his posse of mine that you know here had no we ondiential you've been to me. I don't mind fellin' you. Last night that posse of mine that you know, halted at the cross roads till them sodiers went by. They has call the many his part of the property of

hand into the Major's walstcost and secured the weapons. I'll nave to trouble you for your asset, too," he said, unwinding the kaitted sliken girdle from the captive waist. Tou won't want it, you ain't walking, and it'll come in handy to me just now."

He bent over, and jassing it seroes the Major's breast with more gentleness and solicitude than his had yet shown, secured him in an easy sitting posture against that rec. Then, after earefully trying the knots and straps that held his prisoner, he turned and lightly bounded up the hill.

He was absent scarcely fon minutes, yet when he returned the Major's cyss were half closed. But not his lips, If you expect to held me until your posse comes you had better take me to some less exposed position, he said, drily. There's a man just crossed the gully into the brush below in the wood."

None of your tricks, Major."

None of your tricks, Major."

None of your tricks, Major."

The Sheriff glanced quickly. A man with an axe on his shoulder could be seen plainly making his way through the underbrush not a hundred yards awer. The Sheriff instantly clapped his band upon his captive's mouth, but at a look from his eyes took jit away again.

I see." he said, grimly. You don't want to lure that man within reach of my revolver by calling to him.

The Sheriff, with a darkened face, loosened the sash that bound his prisoner to the tree, and then, litting him in his arms began to ascend the hill cautiously, dipoing into the heavier shadows. But the ascent was difficult, the lond a heavy one, and the Sheriff was gillerather than muscular. After a few minutes climbing the was forced to pause and rest at the foot of a tree. But valley and the man in the underlyush were no longer in view.

"Under the sheriff paused, wiped his grimy face with his grimper bouse, and stood looking at the sheriff paused, wiped his grimy face with his grimper bouse, and stood looking at

there at this rate."

The Sheriff paused, wiped his grimy face with his grimer bisuse, and stood looking at his prisoner. Then he said stowly:

"Look yer! Wot's your little game. Blessed if I kin follow suit."

If kin follow suit."
For the first time the Major burst into a rage. Hlast it all: Don't you see that if I'm discovered here, in this way, there's not a man on the bar who would believe that I walked into your trap, not a man, by God! who wouldn't think it was a trick of yours and mine."
"Or," interrupted the Sheriff, fixing his eyes on his prisoner. "not a man who would ever trust Major Overton for a leader again."
"Ferhaps," said the Major Unmovedly again. I don't think either of us would ever get a chance of being trusted again by any one."
The Sheriff still kept his eyes fixed on his

Terhaps, "said the Major unmovedly again. I don't think either of us would ever get a chance of being trusted again by any one."

The Sheriff still kept his eves fixed on his prisoner, his gloomy face growing darker under its grims. That ain't the reason. Major. Life and death mean much more to you than they do to me, in this yer game. I know that you'd kill me quicker nor lightning if you got the chance; you know that I'm takin' you to the gallows.

The reason is that I want to leave Wynvard's Bar, "said the Major coolly. And even this way out of it will suit me."

The sheriff took his revolver from his pocket and deliverately cocked it. Then leaning down, he unbuckled the strap from the dianor's ankles. A wiid hope that his incomprehensible captive night selecthat moment to develop his real intent; that be might fly, fight, or in some way act up to his rockless reputation, sustained him for a moment, but in the next proved futile. The Major only said. Thank you, Tom, and stretched his cramped legs.

Get upant goon, "said the Sheriff, roughly. The Major began to slowly ascend the hill; the Sheriff close on his heels, alert, tingling, and watchful of every movement. For a few moments this strain upon his faculities scemed to invigorate him and his gloom relaxed, but presently it became too evident that the prisoner's pinioned arms made it impossible for him to balance or help himself on that steep trail, and once or twice he stumbled and recled dangerously to one side. With an oath the Sheriff caught him and tore from his arms the only remaining bonds. There," he said savagely: "go on, we're equal."

Without replying the Major continued his ascent; it became too evident that the prisoner's pinioned arms made it impossible for him to balance or help himself on that steep trail, and once or twice he stumbled and recled dangerously to one side. With an oath the Sheriff caught him and the sheriff caught him and the sheriff caught him and the sheriff or that steep trail, and once or twice he stumbled and received hi

Thought so. Well, you've set the wood on fire."
They both plunged upward again, now quite abreast, vying with each other to reach the summit as if with the one thought only. Already the ating and smart of acrid fumes were in their eyes and nostrils. When they at last stood on level ground again it was hidden by a thin film of grayish hite mane that seemed to be creeping along it. But above was the clear sky, seen through the interlacing boughs, and to their surprise, they who had just come from the breathless, stagnant hillside, a fierce wind was blowing! But the roaring was louder than before.

"Unless your three men are already here, your game is up," said the Major calmiy. The wind blows dead along the ridge where they should come, and they can't get through the smoke and fire."

wind blows dead along the ridge where they should come, and they can't get through the smoke and fire."

It was indeed true! In the scarce twenty minutes that had elapsed since the Sheriff's return the dry and brittle underbrush for half a mile on either side had been converted into a sheet of flame, which at times rose to a furnace blast through the tail chimney-like conductors of three shafts, from whose shrivelled sides bark was cracking and lighted dead imbs falling in all directions. The whole valley, the gully, the bar, the very hillside they had just left, was hotted out by a creening, slifting emoke-fog, that scarcely rose breast high, but was heaten down or cut off cleanly by the violent wind that swept the higher level of the forest. At times this gale became a siroco in temperature, concentrating its heat in withering his tensity upon some mass of foliage that seemed to shrink at its touch and open a seathed and quivering aisle to its approach. The enormous skeleton of a dead and rotten redwood, not a hundred yards to their right, broke suddening like a gigantic firework into sparks and flame.

The enormous skeleton of a dead and rotten redwood, not a hundred yards to their right, broke suddenly like a gigantic firework into sparks and flame.

The Sheriff had grasped the full meaning of their situation. In spite of his first error—the very carelessness of familiarity—his knowledge of wooderait was greater than his commanion's, and he saw their danger.

"Come," he said quickiv, "we must make for an opening or we shall be caught."

The Major smiled in misapprehencion.

"Who could catch us here?"

The Sheriff pointed to the blazing tree.

"That," he said. "In five minutes it will have a posse that will wipe us out."

He caught the Major—by the arm and rushed him into the smoke, and apparently in the direction of the greatest mass of flame. The heat was sufficialing, but it struck the Major that the more they approached the actual scene of conflagration the heat and smoke became less, until he saw that the fire was retreating before them and the following wind. In a few moments their haven of safety—the expanse already burned over—came in sight. Here and there, seen dimly through the drifting amoke, the scattered embers that still strewed the forest floor glower in werd nebulous spots like will o'the wisps. For an instant the Major hesitated; the Sheriff cast a significant glance behind them.

"to on; it's our only chance," he said.

They darted on, skimming the blackened or smoothlering surface which at times struck out spark and flame from their heavier footprints as they passed. Their boots crackled and ecorcied beneath them; their shreds of clotheing were on lire; their breathing became more difficult, until, providentially, they fell upon an abrupt, flasure-like depression of the soil, which the fire had leaped, and into which they repetators when these trees catch, "returned the sheriff grimiy." No." Even as he spoke a dropping rain of fire spattered through the leaves from a splintered redwood, helors overlonded, that was now blazing flerceiun. The incendiary torch had passed invisibly everything.

liands of the two men clasped for the first, and, it would seem, the last time.

For the "cub of West Point" was, like most cubs, irritable when thwarted. And having been balked of his prey, the deserter, and possibly chaffed by his courades for his profitless invasion of Wynyard's liar, he had persuaded his commanding officer to give him permission to effect a recapture. Thus it came about that at dawn, filing along the ridge, on the outskirts of the fire, his heart was gla dened by the sight of the half breed, with his hanging hammeck belt and lattered army tunic, evidently still a fugitive, not a hundred yards away on the other side of the belt of fire, running down the hill with another ragged figure at his side. The command to halt' was enforced by a single rifle shot over the fugitives' heads—but they still kept on their fight. Then the boy officer snatched a carbine from one of his men, a volley rang out from the little troop—the shelts of the privates mercifully high, those of the officer and sergeant levelled with wounded pride and full of deliberate purpose. The half breed feel, so did his companion, and, rolling over together, both lay still.

But between the hunters and their failen quarry roared the rhend de frise flame and failen timber, impossible to cross. The young officer hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, wheeled his men, and left the fire to correct any irregularity in his action.

It did not, however, change contemporaneous history. For a week later, when Wynyard's liar had itself become a memory green in Sierran chronicles, long after Wynyard's liar had itself become a memory. THE END.

THE END.

THE RETIRED EURGLAR.

His Culooked-for Experience in a House in

"Once in a country village in the interior part of the State," said a retired burglar, " I went into a little house just and of a blg one; of course I knew I should get less, but I was half sick, and miserable, and I was willing to take less for the sake of having an easier job. It was easy work, and I found myself pretty in at the door of the front chamber. It was dark in the room except for just a little light that came from a turned-down lamp in a room adjoining. I could only see a little of one side of the wall of that other room, for the door to it was opposite from where I stood diagonally. If you'd just let me draw you a little diagram I could make it clear to you." Here the retired burglar proceeded to draw upon a page of the notebook which the reporter handed to him a diagram. When he went on with his story he indicated the points referred to simply by touching them with the point of the penell, but for the greater convenience of the reader they are marked here with capital letters:

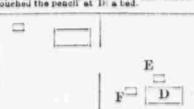


"You see, I was standing in the door here the touched the diagram at the point marked Al. Here was the bed | Bl. with the headboard up against the partition; this [C] was the bureau. There were some chairs and one thing and another round, but not very much, and there wasn't any carret. The light was very dim, but I could see somebody in the bed. You can see yourself just how much I could

You can see regirself just how much I could see of the other room.

Well, I started across the room toward the bureau, keeping an eye on that door to the right until I was half way across, and then I looked out ahead until I struck the hureau. I set my iamp down on it, and, before I had had a chance to turn around, in some way—I don't know exactly how, for I was certainly careful enough—I kneeked something off. It went down with a crast. I didn't dare move myself, and I stood there facing the bureau, but wheever it was in the bed never stirred. I started then to turn and look, but before I'd turned far enough around look, but before I'd furned far enough around look, but before I'd furned far enough around look, but before I'd furned far enough what they were; they were two children's iron savings tanks. I faced around sharp now, but whitever it was in the bed never moved, but I was something in the next room that made my hair stand up.

I could see the other side of that room now from where I stood and there was here tuped another diagram that he had drawn he touched the pencil at I'l a bed.



"Here [E', alongside the bed, was a chair; here I on a table at the foot of the bed was the turned-down lamp. In the bed worst two children with the bedclothes drawn up over their heals; ther were in frightful terron. You could see it and rou could feel it in the air; it was something more than the fear of somebody in the house. Bending over the bed and pulling desperately at the bedclothes to got them out of the children's hands so that she could get in herself was a woman who had evidently been sitting in the chair that stood by the bed. It was all as plain as could be; it was a neighbor who had come in to watch; and this was the children's mother who lay in the room in which I was, and no sound but Gabrial's trumpet could ever waken her.

I got out into the street somehew, I don't know how, and ran away as fast as I could."

mining camp damsels in the house, and one of these distinguished herself characteristically before the evening was over. She was named Kitty Austin, but had a more combrehousive title for general use, the extreme directness of which I regret to say, excludes it from repetition here. Miss Austin was the pretiest, and possibly at that period the most elegant girl in camp. It need not of necessity be inferred that there was any very volent competition in Deadwood as to attributes of personal loveliness or manners en regle. In a young and boiling metropolis whose society factions were led on one side by Calamity Jane, who kept a dance house, and on the opposing side by Miss Austin, who kept another, there might not, perhaps, be expected to exist the exclusive hauteur, the refined language, or the extreme gentility of speech cality and the effects of the control of the property and join a wardrote, having had the forethought to bring her trunk with her. This matter of clothing was ators in the side of Calamity Jane, who had departed from Cherenna for the Hack Hills quite informally with nothing but what she had on at the time, which included a sait of man's clothing and a progressive jaz. To facilitate her progress, Jane hired a horse and buggy from a Cheyenne livery stable keeper for a long drive, which in point of fact, usefuled. The chore was fed under the tree side of the term, inasmuch as itextended nearly life in the did not give up the property and join a wagon train.

The nows was adjusted, the horse was led outside. The cover we was led outside. The crown the coverage of the property and join a side the property and join a side the serior in the side of the control of the repersations were was the said outside. The crown the received was a full to wanta clergy nath. When the preparations were competed to and the missel to did not winted the property and on the preparations were an analysed behind him, and his one and the missel to call for white was they say used to den the quit of the white was admit the w was obliged to give up the property and join a

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THE SUN, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1864.

PROPERTY OF THE STATES AND ITS ACCOUNTS AND ITS ACCOUN

away across the guich to where a long rone dangled from a limb of a gaunt dead tree. In one end of this rope there was arounding noose. The other and, after passing over the limb was held by several men further up the side of the guich. The horse was led under the tree, two guards, with rifles ready, waiting on either side. The crowd, which surged onward like an angry river, panted with excitement that broke out in errees and vile exclamations.

The noose was adjusted, the horse was led out from under the murderer's form, and at the same moment the men holding the opposite end of the roperan up the hill with it for a few paces. The body of the tail Missourian, writing horribly in agony, flew unward. A dozen shots from pustols and rifles rang sharply out. The malefactor's ungainly feet, which had been drawn up in the birst contortion of suffering, foil back. The body hands, which had clutched descreately at the back of his shirt, relaxed and hung down, limp and pulseless. The teeth, which had been clenched in the final and subreme edort of self-control, parted, and the remnant of the last black cigar came floating to the ground. The artificial eye, how not more signifies than its furtive companion, east a caloly singles stare out over the throng below, a throng hushed with the scending of its fary. The body, twisting with the strain upon the rope swaved to and fro in the freshening breeze. The people, who were solvered and reflective, turned slowly away and dispersed.

The first tragedy of Deadwood Guich was avenged.

ANYDER'S DEEAM.

A Story that the Gambler Total

A group of bookmakers and horse owners were discussing matters pertaining to the turf in an up-town resort the other night. In the group were men who have been identified with the race tracks for years. Many were the good stories that were told before the party broke up, and among them two remarkable tales of the turf, which are vouched for by the man who fold them, one of the best known gamblers in the country. A half a dozen stories of big winnings and big losings had been told, and the conversation had drifted toward race track superstition, when the gambler remarked;

"All sporting men are superstitious, more or less. Why, I've seen fortunes won and lost on the strength of a more whim. Black in 1801. I recall how two of the best known gamblers in the East took a chance of losing \$7,000 just because a butterfly with wings corresponding in color to the colors of one of the jockeys in the race happened to slight on the back of one's hand. It was Futurity day, and there were a lot of good things in the race. The two men I speak of had planned to place \$10,000 on Yorkville Beile, who was the crack filly of the year and every one's favorite. They were on their way to the betting ring, when a butterfir with blue wings alighted on the back of the hand of one of the gamblers. Now, blue happened to be Dave Gideon's colors and Dave had His Highness entered. His Highness was coupled with Merry Monarch, who was also owned by Gideon, and the price against them was 3's to 1. Well, to make a long story short these men switched away from Yorkville Belle and took \$7,000 worth of His Highness and Merry Monarch coupled at 35. to 1. His Highness, ridden by Jimmy Mc-Laughlip, won by a short head from the lielle, and those fellows cleared \$25,000. Do you wonder that gamblers are superstitious? "About the most remarkable case of this

haracter that I ever heard of, however, was Frank Snyder's droam about the winner of the verpool Spring Cup. More sports went broke on that dream and more made fortunes on it han on any other piece of superstition I ever heard of. Than Frank Snyder there was not a whiter or squarer sporting man in the country. From San Francisco to New York he was known as an expert judge of horses, and his indement on all bly events was sought by sporting men all over the country. was not much on superstition himself. He believed in cold, hard facts, but he was continually having queer dreams, and these dreams he used to relate in detail to his sport-

ing friends.
"Back in 1881 the big horsemen and bookmakers in this city used to hang out in Murray & Cridge's gambling house on Twenty-eighth treet, Every night would find from fifty to a hundred gambiers in Murray's parlors, smoking, drinking, and talking over the big sporting events of the day. About three months before the running of the great Liverpool Spring Cap Pierre Lorillard sent a string of two and three-year-olds abroad in charge of a trainer, his idea being to capture some of the rich English stakes and purses. With the string old Parole was sent along. Parole had been a good horse, but had gone wrong, and for a long time had not won his cats. He was a white elephant on the stable's hands, and Mr. Lorillard, making up his mind the horse would never be of any use as a racer again, sent him with the string of youngsters to make pace for them while they were training

on the other side. "One night about three weeks after the orillard string had sailed Frank Snyder walked into Murray & Cridge's establishment, and, planting himself in a big easy chair, said: Boys, have any of you seen the entries for the Liverpool Spring Cup?' Now there wasn't

and, planting himself in a big easy chair, said:

Boys, have any of you seen the entries for the
Liverpool Spring Cup? Now there wasn't
much interest here in the English even's, and
none of them had seen the entries.

"Well, 'said Snyder.' I haven't the slightest
idea what horses are entered and what horses
not, and if I had I wouldn't know much about
the event, as they're all English animals. But
anyway you all know old Parole that Lorillard
sent over to make pace for his youngsters?

"Of course all hands knew Parole.

"Well,' resumed Snyder, 'strange as it
may seem, considering poor old Parole's condition, I droamt hast night that the old fellow
had won the Liverpool Spring Cup and—'
There was a burst of laughter at this juncture
which interrupted Snyder for a moment.
When it had subsided he resumed: 'Just
hold on before you laugh, boys. That isn't
the remarkable part of this dream. I dreamt
that Parole won easily by about six lengths
with a horse called Adamite second. I never
liverand of Adamite before, and can't imagine
where the name comes from; but anyway, as
my dream went, Parole crossed Adamite
while they were turning into the stretch, and

the box does not give that. The Fire Depart
ment should be notified of the presence of lire
as early as possible, and then every means at
hand should be used to extinguish or prevent
thand should be useful to eximpt should be covered, and it also should be sore of the fire as possible a

his trials. From time to time reports of the old fellow's marvelious speed kept coming across the ocean, and finally one morning sporting men were amazed when they picked up their papers and saw it announced that Fierre Lordlard's Farole had been added to the list of entries for the Liverpool Spring Cup. This brought Frank Snyder's dream to mind again, and the crowd around Murray & Cridge's place talked of nothing else.

Tinally one day an official list of the entries for the race was received. Some of the greatest horses in Logland were entered, but there was no such horse as Adamite named among them. There was an Advance entered, however, and the crowd finally put him down as the other horse that figured in Snyder's dream. Fred Archer, the greatest jockey in the world at that time, was down to ride Advance. This was about a month before the race, and as each day brought news of Farole's great improvement and also word of Advance's great work, the excitement became immease. Snyder's dream was told in detail all over the city, and the sports were all willing to lay big money on the strength of it, but they didn't just know which horse to piar. Some were willing to take stock in the dream to the extent of Farole's winning but they couldn't believe that Snyder could have dreamed out such a curious result for such a great race and have it all correct. Others were willing to trust to the dream and bet on Advance, having great faith in the horse's form and great faith still in his jockey.

Well, the demand soon became so great

have it all correct. Others were willing to trust to the dream and bet on Advance, having great faith in the horse's form and greater faith still in his lockey.

"Well, the demand soon became so great that three or four gamblers spened books in a quiet way on the event. All the horses in the race were posted, but only two were played. Thousands of dollars rolled in on Farcie and thousands on Advance. The men who had opened the books closed up in less than a week and refused to take another bet. They stood to loce enough monoy atready, they said. Then the sports began cabling money abroad and having it placed these on their pick. Every one who amounted to anything in the shorting world had a good bet down on one or the other of the horses, but most of the money was on advance. The sports had great confidence in Snyder and his dram, and then a bled to that was the fact that Archer was to rick advance. As a result of snyder's droam almost every gambler in New York city stood to win or lose a great deal of money. Some stood to win fortunes or go brose, while others played moderaley.

The day of the race came, and the excitement in this city was universal, almost as greatas if it were a cubertan or a Faturity. Advance took the read at the start, and hold it to the turn into the sirette, where old Parole, who had been laying second, came up like a dare look the rail and wen easily by a half a dozen length. When the jockeys had all dismounted Archer made a claim of four against Parole stock the small and wen easily by a half a dozen length. When the jockeys had all dismounted Archer made a claim of four against Parole sockey, which, after a brief hearing was allowed. This gave Advance the race and placed Parole last.

Well sit such excitement as there was up in Murray A Critige's house when the result of that race became known you never saw or heard of. Snyder was carried up stairs and down fortunes by following his dream, and for months was whed and dinied everywhere. The made din the betting rice at the race task, b

WITH YOUR HOUSE AFIRE,

RUSH TO THE PIRE ALARM BOX-YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW 10 WORK IT.

Open Its Boor and Pull the Hook; the Firemen Will Do the Rest-Things to Book When One Awakes to Smrke, "One of the greatest difficulties the fremen have to contend with is the fact that fire are allowed to gain too much headway before they are informed of them," said Chief Bonner the other day. "The reason for this is that the average citizen has not had the good sense to take a few necessary and simple precautions. When a fire does break out in his house he is caught totally unprepared, and, in nine cares out of ten, loses his head and tries to extinguish it himself, without giving a thought to

After wasting valuable time without accom-

pilehing any good, he is finally forced to give

up his task, and then calls on the fromen. of course, it takes him considerable time to do

even this, as he is probably unaware of the loeation of the fire alarm box, and when he done find it, is ignorant as to its workings. "We calculate time by seconds in the case of alarms, and it is the duty of every efficients cooperate with us. If he did so there would be small chance of any loss of life with the modern life-saving apparatus where we get a chab-to use it. Now, I don't mean to say that an alarm should be sent in at a sign of smalle or flame, or on suspicion that there is a fire incaing in the house, but a little common some with quick judgment will do. In the firplace, everybody should be prepared for live all times. The citizen should inform himseand family of the nearest hire alarm how to his home or store, and ascertain where to and the key and also how to give the alarm. Torris an easy matter. The location of the key is be found on a sign on the pole to a mention are alarm box is attached. Any repulation can obtain a key by making application to be commanding officer of the fire company acest his location. Some fire alarm bexes have kers attached to a chain and tag and last not to the box so that they are ready for use in a moment. Of course the department taxes the risk of false alarms in such cases, and the presence of the key depends in gely on any

can be convicted. In order to show you just how to sen . In an alarm, so that there can be no error, the hoxes have instructions p inted, so that he who rame may read. After opening the outer door another door is disclosed, which has a hook on the outside. This hook should be pulled down as far as it will go, only once. This hook catches a lever on the inside and winds the machinery. You can plainly hear the tapping of the signal inside, and if you should not be ar it after a second trial, why, the box is out of a.der, and the next nearest box should be tried. The keyless boxes have an glarm gong connected with the handle, which rings just as soon as the handle is moved. This does not send the alarm, as many persons suppose, but is just used to attract attention to anybour tampering with the box mischievously. To open a keyless box the handle should be turned to the right as far as possible and then the inner door will be exposed and the alarm can be sent in as in the case of toxes

locality. The cenalty for sending made on

alarm is \$500 or a term of imprisonment and

it is enforced where the culprit is calling it

with keys. "Supposing that the person who sends the alarm should be required to leave the box before the first fire apparatus arrives, somebody ought to be asked to remain there so as to inform the firemen as to the exact location, as the box does not give that. The Fire Department should be notified of the presence of fire

where the name comes from: but anyway, as my dream went. Parole crossed Adamite while they were turning into the stretch, and when this race was over Adamite's jockey lodged a complaint of foul against Parole. The foul was allowed, Parole was disqualified, and the race given to Adamite. That's the dream, now make the best of it.

"Nothing much was thought of Snyder's dream for nearly three weeks, and then reports began to come from the other side to the effect that Parole had suddenly regained his old form and was fairly breaking watches in histrials. From time to time reports of the old fellow's maryellous speed kept coming across the ocean, and finally one morning sporting men were amazed when they picked up their papers and saw it announced that Parole for the race and seek of ream to mind gain, and the crowd around Murray & Cridge's place talked of nothing else.

"In all means of escape are cut off, the beautiful of the list of entries for the Euverpool Spring Cup. This brought frank Snyder's dream to mind gain, and the crowd around Murray & Cridge's place talked of nothing else.

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"In all means of escape are cut off. The clothing of this person attacked by fire all long the place of the second of the nearest house to the list of the less of the county of the person at developing the place of the county of the person and stakes in the deal of the list of t

TOUNG REEVEN'S DREAM.

I: Resulted in the Kiting for Which He Is on Trint tor His Life. Jean the Gallesion Larry, Sect.

It Resulted in the Kiting for Which He Is an Triest tor His Life.

Iros to Execute Indy, Not.

Dallas, Feb. 7.—Testorlay F. J. Reeves went on the witness stand in the criminal court to tell his own atory of the witness of four industry.

James at a dance in East Falias on the night of Dec. 14 last.

Reeves said that two nights before the killing he dreamed he met Tom James. James had a letter in his hand, and said to Reeves:

Joe, this is from your wife. She don't love you any longer. He wife up and thought nothing of it. He fell asleep again and had another dream. He imagined that his wife was writing to Tom James. He saw her seated at a table writing a letter to somebody. He saw her finish the missive, kiss it, and then hide it in the pocket of a sitk dress hanging on the wait. He dreamed he asked her if she had been writing to James and sie said no.

Then he awake and found his wife awake and told her what had entered his mint in sleep. Just for fun he said, he started acreat the room to where the silk dress was hanging to examine the pockets. His wife had been any hing from the pocket and crumpled it in her hand. He asked her what twas. She refused to tell him, he tried to take it away from he. Sha fought like only a woman can real-t when she is determined. Finally he twisted let hands open and a place of note paper let to the floor. He asked her what it was. Sha refused he had only a woman can real-t when she is determined. Finally he twisted her hands open and a place of note paper let to the floor. He asked her what it was, had called James she is determined. Finally he twisted her hands open and a place of note paper let to the floor. He asked her what it means had called James her daring and had met him several times at a house on Main street, before all this had broke down after a winie, and told him his dreams had come true. She had written that letter to Tom James, he had called James her daring and had met him several times at he heart. He want to work in the little real-called to same, fire who ha